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## BEN MINORY.

Those who have been reared in luxury know nothing of the exquisite pleasure which an occasional treat gives to those who have been reared in more moderate circumstances. The boys who have risen into life amidst the numberless artificial wonders of a city, know nothing of the ecstatic delight with which a country youngster sees a performance of Punch, or the outside of a show of wild beasts, at the once a-year fair. Some five and twenty, or—when we recollect ourselves—some thirty years ago, the boys of a particular town in the south of Scotland—a public body to which the present writer had the honour to belong—knew no happiness equal to that which was conferred upon them by one of the most familiar, and therefore least regarded, of the pleasures of a tribe of city children—the sight of a raree show. Our showman came round but seldom, perhaps once in two years, and therefore his visits were the more appreciated. All at once, on breaking some fine day out of school, we would see him with his box pitched in the centre of the large open street of the burgh, as if he and his theatre of wonders had sprung up, at the bidding of a magician, from the ground. He would be surrounded already by a small group of children—for where could a raree show be planted without some children clustering about it?—and a few shopkeepers, having nothing better to do, would be gazing towards it from distant shop-doors, wondering, perhaps, how many halfpence he would draw in a day. He was a very noticeable old man, with large features, a kind of French slop-dress, quick grey eyes, and a fine sonorous English voice, chased with a slight burr. He was known by the name of Ben Minory; and in this strange appellation, as well as in his alien aspect and voice, we found additional reasons for admiring him. It has appeared since that the name was a mistake; but the effect at the time was the same as if it had been real. His show contained only coloured prints of the chief European cities, and a few other scenes; but to us primitive rural swains, it was an enchanted palace. There were three spying places in front, capable of accommodating as many beholders at once; and as the old man pulled the strings, he filled the vacant and usually silent street with his descriptions of what was to be seen; thus at once doing a duty to the actual customers of the moment, and instigating other urchins to go and tear down their mammas or persecute their papas for the sum necessary to make them customers too.

I know not if the reader is likely to have ever remarked the peculiar expression of a boy's figure as he looks into a raree show. To this day I have the picture of my young fellow townsmen at this agreeable recreation, as freshly before my eye as if I had seen them but yesterday. The creatures seemed rivetted by their eyes to the box. There was such an intense direction of their whole head and face to the speculum, that you could have imagined them to be inspired by an anxiety to ooze themselves in at the hole. All so silent too—fixed attention all. The mere bodies—every thing but the head—appeared quite superfluous and useless. There was a curious drooping powerlessness about the back. The large inferior expanse of corduroy evidently had nothing to do with the matter. The legs were only called on, like Ben's cross-sticks, to support the nobler and enjoying part. But the children rather hung than stood. The whole of the lines expressed pendulousness. They might have been compared to the barnacles or clack-geese which our old historians describe as growing by the ribs downwards from the sides of ships. The leech fastened to its wound, the child clinging to its mother's

breast, were but imperfect images to express the concentration of the whole being of these creatures upon old Ben's magazine of novelties. And then it was also curious to observe how wistfully those who had no halfpence would behold their enjoying companions. There was no lack in them of a power to read the backs of the inlookers. Every posture, every gesture, carried to them some signification of the wonders which they were forbidden to behold. It must, I suspect, have been in some such predicament that I first studied the contour of a set of boys looking in at a raree show.

My brothers and myself were nevertheless frequent customers to Ben. It was through this medium that we first became acquainted with any part of the world beyond our own limited and rural range. The impressiveness and delightfulness of the exhibition need not be enlarged upon; but I should like to recall a few of the scenes, for I suspect that, in the change of all things, they have been swept out of modern show-boxes, and already are invested with some of the charm of antiquity. "There," Ben would say, "you see the court of Versailles, with the king and the royal family (Louis XVI., I believe) walking about in the gardens in blue and gold—the statues, and fountains, and walks, all as natural as possible—hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of the court all walking about in the cool of the evening. It is the finest palace, my dear little boys, in the whole world, built by Louis XIV., and the pride of France." After a pause, and a pulling of a string, "Now look, my boys, and there you see St Peter's at Rome, all illuminated with variegated lamps—the people all assembled in front, waiting for the Pope's blessing—the gardens, the fountain, the obelisk, all as true as reality. A little to the right, my boys, you see the Pope's famous palace, the Vatican, where all the books in the world and many fine paintings are kept." Another pause. "Now, look again, and there you see the city of Venice, built in the sea, on a great number of islands, one of the finest cities in Europe. The houses are all built on piles, and there are arches underneath, which the boats sail through from side to side. Look how many boats, with fine figure-heads and cabins covered with black cloth, are sailing about. A little behind, to the left, you see a grand light-house, which is illuminated every night for the direction of vessels. That large building in front was a bank, where our king kept most of his money; but you know Boney, the rogue, came and stole it all away." Another string pulled. "Look now once more, and there you see Brandywine Creek in America, as it was at the conclusion of the war. A ship of war is entering the harbour with intelligence of peace, and is firing off a gun to let the people know that there is to be no more fighting. A beautiful place, my boys; quays and store-houses all round, and ladies and gentlemen walking about. A little to the left is a fine observatory, with a gravel walk up to it. Near that is a windmill for grinding the Indian corn, and a little below you see some houses smoking. That is a place where they make sugar and rum to lace the people's tea with, and sure very good things they are for old people." After another pause. "Next, you see the gardens of Vauxhall, where the ladies and gentlemen of London go to recreate themselves—there you see them in full dresses [the dresses of George the Second's time] walking along the walks, or sitting under the trees, taking refreshments. To the right is the orchestra with the singers, and the people hearing. Near it is a building with a pavilion roof; that is the coffee-room. Only look at the fine avenues, with the rows of trees, and the gravel walks, all as

natural as possible. Ah, my boys, it is a fine place; and if you be all of you good children, and rock the cradle when your mother bids you, you may see it some day. Now, look again, and behold the Duke of Brunswick's palace in Germany, the place our princess of Wales comes from—a handsome house, with flags on the top, and carriages letting down company at the door. Observe the duke's musical band and his life guards parading in front. The guards are them in blue; and the commander is leaning back over his horse to tell the band what tune to play. His horse is rearing, and you see as natural through amongst his legs as if there were no horse there. Now, here, my boys, is the last and finest of all—Lord Rodney's famous victory gained in the West Indies over the French, on the 12th of April seventeen hundred and eighty-two. You see the French drawn up in a semi-circle to leeward, and the British fleet bearing down upon it. Lord Rodney, in the foremost vessel, has already cut the line, and is about to engage with two vessels at once. You see the signals flying for action, and see the smoke rising from some of the French vessels. But it was all in vain, for Rodney disabled and took many of them; but all them he took were lost after, as they were coming home to England, only twelve men escaping in a boat to tell the sorrowful tale. And now, my boys, you have seen all, and I hope you like what you have seen, and will come back to see it again." And so would end poor old Ben's tale.

Impressed as we were in life's opening day with this ancient wanderer and his little show, it may be imagined with what feelings we lately discovered that he is still alive. We were paying a visit of curiosity to the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, when, in one of the apartments devoted to the aged of the male sex, we alighted on that identical face which we once used to hail as the herald of so much enjoyment, the face of Ben Minory. Old thirty years ago, his appearance in the land of the living at the present day seemed like something out of nature; but we soon learned that he is one of those few human beings who are destined far to outlive all their contemporaries, and to become a wonder to a new generation. The poor man is now about to complete the hundred and first year of his age, and is still fresh and vigorous, with the exception of a slight rheumatic affection. Curious to learn some actual worldly particulars of one who, though never forgotten, had always been remembered rather as an ideal than a real being, we inquired his history. His original and proper name is Robert Brown. He was born in London in the year 1737, the son of Lord Delaval's coachman. His mother died a quarter of an hour after giving birth to the infant who was to survive her more than a century. He was reared, under the charge of his grand-parents, at King's Muir, near Carlisle, and quite well recollects the passing of the Young Chevalier by that way into and out of England, the subsequent surrender of the Highland garrison to the Duke of Cumberland, and the still later and more agitating sight of the bloody heads over the English, Irish, and Scotch gates of the city. He was brought up as a post-boy at an inn, but in the year 1759 engaged himself as servant to a gentleman who was about to visit the West Indies. The vessel in which he and his master sailed being taken by the French, he was carried prisoner into Havre de Grace, and remained in captivity till the end of the war. After acting as a post-boy for some years, he was again engaged, though a married man, to accompany a gentleman to the West Indies; and he remained there during the whole time of the American war. He perfectly recollects all the circumstances attending the

victory which formed the last subject in his show, and saw the Count de Grasse at Port Royal after his defeat. On his return to England, he resumed his business as a post-boy, in which he continued till he became an old man. Finding at length that age began to unfit him for such an active course of life, he purchased a show-box from an Italian named Benjamin Minory or Minori, and began to travel with it throughout the border counties, accompanied by his wife. As the Italian had been an old man of similar appearance, he succeeded to his name as well as his show, and was universally recognised as Ben or Bennie Minory, to which appellation it would have been alike vain and unnecessary to make any objection. It was soon after the commencement of his career that he first opened up the wonders of the great world to the future conductors of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. About eleven years ago, when at Glasgow, he lost his "old woman," the partner of his joys and sorrows for sixty-four years; and it was not long after when the infirmities of age, and some irreparable damages which his show had accidentally suffered, compelled him to take refuge in the work-house. His situation there is peculiar. Having been previously unacquainted with Edinburgh, he had not a single friend in the city to pay him any attention, or contribute in the least to improve the humble rations afforded by the public charity. He has survived all distant friends. Even a dozen years ago, when he chanced to visit the scenes of his infancy, he did not find one, out of all who had been young with him, living. But for the accident which brought him under our eye, he would not now have had a claim of any kind on the friendly care of a single human being. It is piteous to reflect on a condition so desolate; but it may well instruct us to repine less at the prospect of only a life of the ordinary extent. Four generations of the royal family of England have passed away since this man was a youth. He has seen all the great names of the last century—the Chathams, the Pitts, the Foxes, the Johnsons, the Cowpers, the Goldsmiths, the Humes, the Robertsons, the Blairs—quietly in-turned. He has been a captive in wars, of which scarcely one other actor can now survive. His mother returned to earth a hundred years ago. All his other early friends are dead and gone. He remains stranded on the beach of a new age. Better far surely to lie down in forgetfulness amidst those who have enjoyed life, at its enjoying time, in company with us, and thus have a comradeship even in the act of death, than linger on, like him, till new faces are gathering around us, and asking why we so long encumber the soil.

#### FORMATION OF NOSES.

EVERY body knows that the nose of the human being projects from the face, and is therefore exposed to a variety of accidents calculated to injure or destroy it. It is also well known that a face has an exceedingly unpleasant appearance when deprived of its nose, and that every means should be taken to avert such a distressing calamity. Fortunately for the sufferers in cases of this description, means have been discovered of restoring noses when they have been destroyed by accident or disease; and although the noses so made have never exactly the same look as noses of ordinary growth, still they are better than no noses at all, and are therefore gladly sought for.

The operation of making a new nose, is one of the finest processes in surgery, and is called the *Taliscoctian* operation, from a learned professor of the medical art at Bologna, Gaspar Taliscoctius, who, in the sixteenth century, published a work on the restoration of noses, lips, and ears, and thus did a great service to his kind, by endeavouring to convince them of the possibility of renovations of this nature. But even his professional contemporaries, and their successors, also, for a long period, discredited the statements of Taliscoctius; and the world, in general, retains its scepticism, as we have said, to this day. Now, it is remarkable—and the greater on this account is the shame which the civilised world of the west ought to feel for their blind incredulity—it is remarkable, that the Hindoos, the poor unenlightened Hindoos, as we are wont to call them, knew and practised the restorative operations recommended by Taliscoctius, long before that learned professor was born, and do still practise them to this day. We shall give an account of the operation of restoring noses, or rather of making new noses, as performed in Hindostan, and show, by comparing the method with that occasionally pursued in Europe, that all the skill of all our colleges

has not been able to improve in the slightest degree upon the plan invented by the untutored ingenuity of the Hindoos.

The invention of restoring noses arose in India from the frequent and savage practice of the Hindoo emperors of ordering these members to be cut off from the victims of their tyranny. The last of these ferocious despots was Tippoo Saib. The Hindoo brick-makers, however, by whose caste the operation of renovating the nasal organ had been performed from time immemorial, did the best they could to repair the mischief caused by the cruel Tippoo. The details of the operation will be best exhibited and explained by describing an individual case which occurred in the course of the British war in India.

Cowasjee, a Mahratta, of the caste of husbandmen, was with the British army in the campaign of 1792, and was made a prisoner by Tippoo, who cut off his nose, as a token of remembrance, and sent him about his business. He again joined the British forces, and remained for twelve months without a nose. At the end of this time he met with a noted brickmaker, and underwent at his hands the restoring operation. The manner of performing it was as follows:—A thin plate of soft wax was first fitted to the stump of the nose, and moulded so as to make a nose of good ordinary shape and appearance, with holes corresponding to the nostrils, and an intermediate slip corresponding to the division, or *septum* as it is called, between the nostrils. The wax was then taken off, bent into a flat shape, and spread out upon the forehead in such a way as if it had been turned up or back from the stump of the nose. A line was then drawn round the wax, and the operator proceeded to dissect off as much skin as it covered, leaving undivided a small slip between the eyes, which slip is intended to preserve, and does preserve, the circulation, till an union has taken place between the old and newly removed, or shifted parts. The piece thus cut out was shaped very much like the club on cards, or rather like the heart, if the heart had the club's handle. The stump of the nose was next pared or made raw, and, immediately behind the edges of this raw part, a slight incision was made through the skin, and continued round and below the nostrils, till the cut encircled the whole base of the nose, or what had been the site of the nose, excepting at the slip of scalp between the eyes. The skin dissected from the forehead was now brought down, and, being twisted half round, its edges were inserted all round into the incision, so that a nose was formed with a double hold above, and with the basis of the nostrils or wings, and of the septum, fixed below in the incision. A little *terra japonica* (an astringent substance resembling common earth) was then softened with water, and being spread on slips of cloth, five or six of these were placed over each other to secure the joining. No other dressing but this cement was used, and now the operation was finished.

The same application was kept at the parts for four days afterwards, during which time the patient was made to lie on his back. A new dressing, consisting of cloths dipped in ghee (a kind of butter), was substituted at the end of that time, and, on the tenth day, bits of soft cloth were put into the nostrils, to keep them sufficiently open. On the twenty-fifth day, the knife was again slightly used to divide slips of skin, and make little improvements on the cut of the new nose, which is, however, only occasionally requisite. The scar on the forehead, meanwhile, was healing rapidly. After a time, the new nose was perfectly secure, and looked nearly as well as the natural one. For the rest of his life, the man could take snuff, snort like a grampus, and turn up his nose with the best.

This operation, as performed by the brickmakers of India, is almost always successful. Nor is there any wonder that it should be so, for the Hindoos only take advantage skilfully of powers implanted by nature in the system, though we must admit a great deal of credit is due to them for recognising these so early, while nations more favourably placed remained blind to them. The power of reunion, inherent in divided portions of animal bodies, is exemplified in a thousand familiar ways. The sides of a deep cut readhere, a fractured bone reunites, and, in short, almost every tissue of the body is seen daily to possess the power in question. It may be said, however, that in these cases parts are only reunited that were once united before. Look, then, at the amputating of a limb, and it will be seen that the adhesive power is not exerted only in such cases. To form a fleshy stump, when a limb is taken off, two flaps of flesh are crossed over the end of the divided bone, and they cohere readily, though they never touched each other before. The idea of making a new nose is formed upon a correct appreciation of this principle, and a daring application of it. The adhesion depends immediately or proximately on the effusion of a fluid, which every wound, in a healthy state, pours out from its surface, and which is generally called coagulable lymph. This lymph becomes vascular; that is to say, vessels (blood-vessels and others) shoot into it from the surfaces whence it is effused; and thus, when poured from two raw surfaces

in juxtaposition, it speedily becomes a living bond of connection between them, or, in other words, makes them one living whole by uniting vessels from each, and shooting vessels from the one into the other.

Having, we hope, made the principle clear upon which the restoration of noses, or the junction of any parts of living bodies, depends, we may now proceed to describe the *Rhino-plastic*, as it is scientifically called, or *nose-making* operation, as performed in this country on various occasions with success. One of the most perfect performances of this kind in Britain was that of Mr Carpus, an eminent English surgeon, who restored a "rudder," as Hudibras calls it, to the face of a military gentleman sent home from the wars minus that very useful appendage. The mode which Mr Carpus pursued will serve us as an example, and it was this:—A plaster mould was made of a well-shaped nose, and this was fitted on the rim of the missing feature. The surface of the model was then measured by means of paper, and by carrying the paper shape to the forehead, the part to be cut out was marked off. An incision was next made, and the piece scalped off, leaving only a connecting strip between the eyes for the maintenance of the circulation. Slight and continuous incisions were now made on each side of the nose and upper lip, into which the edges of the scalp were inserted, and kept there. *The nostrils were made afterwards.* In three months after this operation, the new nose was so completely formed and healed, as scarcely to be distinguishable from a natural one, and the cuticle of the forehead was also quite restored. The patient had not a day's illness, and suffered little pain or inconvenience.

It will be seen that this operation is exactly the same as that so long practised in India, with the exception, if we understand the description rightly, that no small holes were left at first for the nostrils, as in the brickmaker's manufacture. This, however, is a trifling distinction. The credit of the mode is essentially due to Hindoo surgery, or rather to the Hindoo brick-makers. On numerous other occasions besides the one referred to, the like success has attended the operation, commonly known by the name of old Taliscoctius, though that learned man operated in an entirely different manner. He cut a piece of skin from the arm or shoulder to make his new nose, and this way also was often successful. In most cases operated on in Britain, disease, and not accident as in Mr Carpus's case, has been the cause of the nasal deficiency; yet the restoration has been equally complete. Mr Liston, the well-known surgeon, has repeatedly performed the operation. He latterly adopted a plan slightly different from the Hindoo one. Instead of taking from the brow the slip of skin for the septum or division between the nostrils, he cut it separately from the upper lip, and turned it up. The loss of the septum, while the rest of the nose remains, is a common occurrence, and may be easily remedied by a slip from the upper lip in Mr Liston's way. In performing the *Rhino-plastic* operation, British surgeons use stitches, which hold the parts nicely together till they cohere. The most of the cases operated on in this country have been completely successful.

Even where the nasal destruction (arising generally from disease of the bones) has been so complete as to defy all attempts to repair it by the operation described, it is possible to do a great deal for the restoration to the sufferer, of all the comforts that attend on the possession of a nose. Witness the following case. There was some years since presented, to the London Medical Society, a deaf man, in whom disease had entirely destroyed the nose, externally and internally, the palate (roof of the mouth), part of the bones of the face and of the jaw-bone; exposing the tongue, and taking the power of speech from this unfortunate being, who was almost too ghastly an object to be looked at. He himself contrived a remedy for much of this suffering, by fashioning a wooden nose, a false palate, and other apparatus, with the combined aid of which he could not only speak distinctly, but could appear, with comfort to himself and others, in society. The nose was fastened on his face by means of a pair of imitation spectacles rivetted into it, and which were fastened round the head.

Such are cases of nasal deficiencies supplied; and, while on this subject, we may also advert shortly to nasal superfluities—an equally troublesome affair. Carbuncles, as the deep-red excrescences which fix themselves on the nose are called, are unfortunately by no means uncommon. But they, too, are remediable by art. They have in many instances been entirely removed, and the nose, which they had disfigured, been pared down to a seemingly and respectable bulk. It is true that these carbuncles sometimes return; but, in general, they do not. Nature likes to see men's noses of a natural size; and if they have been unnatural in bulk, and are again rectified, she strives to keep them so, having no wish that her children should go about with ugly faces. In fact, there is almost nothing that nature will not do in healing and remedying what has gone amiss in flesh, blood, and bone, if she be taken on her right side. Observe, for example, what she did for a young carpenter once, who was working about the county buildings of Edinburgh. Having unfortunately chopped off his finger, he ran away directly to a surgeon to have the stump dressed. The surgeon asked for the amputated piece; it was sought and found on the floor where the lad had been working; it was stitched on, grew together, and the youth had a complete hand for life. This is fact, and must be remem-



bered as so by many, having taken place but a few years ago. So much for nature's restoring, healing, and reuniting powers. Henceforth let no man want a nose or lose a finger, until he has tried to repose himself of them by taking nature's sentiments on the subject in a right way.

### THE MAID OF SOLEURE, A SWISS STORY.\*

THE town of Soleure is situated amongst the mountains of Jura, in Switzerland, and along the fertile and romantic vale of the Balstal. It is the capital of the canton which bears the same name, and is watered by the beautiful river Aar. The town is small, but neat, and surrounded by stone fortifications. It claims the honour of great antiquity, and its inhabitants have long been distinguished for their love of civil independence. The following traditional story is related of one of the most interesting passages in the history of the place.

Hugo Von Bucheg was a venerable burgher and chief magistrate of the town of Soleure. He had long been regarded as father of the council, and the people placed their reliance upon him in every time of danger. His habits were plain and simple. He had amassed no wealth, for his services were given and not sold. One treasure he possessed, which he considered beyond all price, and that was his only child, Ellen. She had early lost her mother, and had spent her time almost as she pleased, in wandering about the suburbs of Soleure, gathering plants for her collections, and accumulating a stock of health, energy, and cheerfulness.

She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a few months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheering society. The last plea he could not resist, and Ellen was, for the first time, separated from her father.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Hitherto her life had demanded but few sacrifices; but now her duties began, and day and night she was seated by her bedside. Sickness often makes people selfish and unreasonable. The invalid was unwilling to part with her newly acquired solace for a moment, and Ellen could only gaze upon the beautiful scenery around her, without being allowed to plunge into its depths. It was not till her health and spirits drooped, that she gained permission to walk at sunset. At first the rapidity with which she moved along was almost free from thought. It was recovered liberty; and to gaze upon the heavens, the waters, and the woods, to feel that she could leap from rock to rock, could sing her favourite songs, and disturb no one, was rapture. Her delight in rambling amidst the wild scenery of the district was augmented by her naturally devotional feelings. When the glorious sun arose, it was, to her, like the Creator lifting the curtain of the night, and coming forth from the darkness of his pavilion. As she gazed on the valley and cottages, and listened to the notes of the shepherd's pipe, to the tinkling bells of the herds of cattle, and heard their deep sonorous voices, she broke forth in the spirit of Milton:—

Parent of Good! these are thy works.

Nor were her associations less delightful at the hour of evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy happy children who ran to meet their parents returning from a day of labour—to see the affectionate wife preparing her little repast before the door, and all breathing the language of domestic affection.

She had gazed late on this scene one evening, and turned slowly away to pursue her path homewards. As she proceeded, she perceived she should be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman. Her habits were fearless, and she did not hesitate. Suddenly one of the animals sprang furiously from the rest, and rushed towards her. She looked around—a frightful death seemed inevitable. To escape by flight was impossible. At that moment the report of a gun struck her ear; the animal staggered, groaned, and fell dead at her feet. A sickness came over her, and she knew nothing till she found herself supported by a young man dressed in a military uniform.

"You have saved my life," she exclaimed. "It was a fortunate shot," said he, smiling. "I don't often make as good a one, for I have been out all day, and have not brought down any game. My uncle's house is not very far distant; may I conduct you to it?"

"I must go to my aunt's," said Ellen, "but I shall need your assistance to get there."

He raised her up and gave her his arm, and they stood a minute to gaze on the powerful animal that lay stretched before them. The bull had entered his heart. Not a drop of blood was visible.

"This will make a feast in the valley," said the youth: "I will give a *fete* in honour of your safety; will you not witness it?"

Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would be to

gain her aunt's consent. At the door the stranger bowed and left her.

The impression upon the young girl's mind was deep and lasting. That night her aunt's illness greatly increased. A dispatch was sent for her father, but, before his arrival, his sister had breathed her last. She went no more to the chapel, but returned to Soleure with her father.

Two years passed away, and Ellen's recollections of the stranger were yet fresh in her mind. "He saved my life," said she; "I hope I shall see him again." But new scenes were fast crowding upon her, and left no room for the wanderings of imagination. Leopold, Duke of Austria, was approaching Soleure with the avowed resolution of besieging its walls. An inordinate thirst for victory had taken possession of his mind. He believed it glory to conquer even the innocent and free, and he swore to his brother, the emperor, to plant the Austrian standard on the towers of Soleure.

The attack had commenced, and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue. Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened where his duty called. The wailings of women and children for their husbands and fathers, from whom they were for the first time separated, the thunder of the cannon, which made even the earth tremble, the cries of exultation and despair, mingled with the groans of the wounded, all struck upon the ear of Ellen. She flew from street to street, forgetful of her own safety, at one moment in search of her father, and the next administering comfort to those as wretched as herself.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer, and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth that the enemy were repulsed, and had retreated to their encampment. Scarce had Ellen rejoiced in this intelligence, when she beheld her father approaching, supported by his friends. "Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are wounded."

"Come with me, my child," said he, "and thank the Supreme Being for this respite from our calamities. My wound is nothing, but you will bind it up."

With the tenderest care she applied the emollients necessary, then, kneeling at his feet, bathed his hand with her tears. At length her father requested her to be calm, and listen to him.

"We have," said he, "this time defended the walls of Soleure, and repulsed the enemy; but they will return to the attack with new vigour. Our resources are exhausted, our last ammunition expended, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place; but I have still my duty to perform, and to this there is but one obstacle. I know what fate awaits you from a rude and victorious soldiery in the heat of conquest. There is but one resource—you must repair to Leopold. He is brave and generous. You will be safe from insult, and I free to do my duty as a soldier. Away! it is my command. Answer me not! Give this letter to the duke. God bless thee, my dear, my only treasure!"

Ellen sunk upon her knees, and pressed her father's hand to her lips; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out, he gazed upon the bridge over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure was faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce, and at length faded away. "Now I am childless," said he; "I have only to die for my country."

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army sat Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure. The curtain of the pavilion was raised, and an officer entered and informed him that a young woman, the daughter of Bucheg, requested admission.

Leopold looked exultingly upon his nobles. "Has he sent his daughter to melt our purposes?" said he; "does he think that youth and beauty can beguile our resolution? Let her enter, and we will show her that our blood is warmed only by glory."

Again the curtain was raised, and Ellen, dressed in the plainest manner, entered. She approached the duke, and bent one knee to the ground. "Noble prince," said she, "I come to you as a petitioner to claim your protection;" and she placed her father's letter in his hand.

The duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles with still greater curiosity. The effort of courage was over. Her eyes were cast down, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

"My lord," said the duke, addressing an old man who stood near, "support this young woman to a seat." He then unfolded the letter, and read:—

"\* NOBLE PRINCE.—She who brings you this letter is my only child—all the treasure I possess in this world. Therefore, I trust her to you, relying on your honour. If the walls of Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins; but if you grant your protection to my daughter, I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that Being who watches over the innocent, and who knows our hearts."

BUCHEG, *Magistrate of Soleure.*

A deep silence prevailed. At length the duke said, "Upon the line of our encampment let the banner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not

mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your grey hairs, bleached in the service of your country, are a pledge of security. Yet one more I desire—it is your son. I take him for a hostage. You know that I love him as if he were my own. Therefore, by the value of this pledge, he will know how highly I estimate my protection, given to the daughter of Bucheg. But where is the young count?" continued the duke; "I miss him unwillingly from among my friends."

"He is at his post," answered the father; "I expect him every moment. In the meantime suffer me to express my thanks for the confidence you place in me, as well as for your kindness to my son."

The old count now took the hand of Ellen, and said, "You have heard, my dear child, the command of the duke. I hope you will trust yourself to me."

As he spoke, his son entered the pavilion. He gazed at the scene before him in speechless astonishment. Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her face and neck, while her eyes were cast down and her heart beat with violence.

"You wonder, my young friend," said the duke, "how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure. Her father has confided her to me, and I give her in trust to yours, and thus is the mystery explained. But I am convinced the young lady must need rest and refreshment. Therefore I request you to see that she is properly lodged and guarded."

With what delight did the young count receive this command! A tent was immediately devoted to the protégé of the duke, and Ellen, once more alone, exclaimed, "I have found him at length—the preserver of my life! whose image for three years has filled my waking and sleeping hours! Alas! how have I found him?—in arms against my country, against my father and my fellow citizens! Already his name has inspired me with terror, for he has been first in the attack. What is my worthless life in comparison with the liberty and safety of my country? Oh! how have I wasted years in the expectation of meeting its preserver, and now I find him my bitterest foe!"

Her tears fell in torrents. There is no calamity so hard to bear as that which overthrows years of self-delusion. Ellen had lost no actual good; but the castle she had crested was now laid prostrate, and she stood, desolate, amongst its ruins.

The darkness of night came on. The rain had descended for several days, and it now fell in torrents. Yet still the young count walked as sentinel around the tent which contained his father's charge. He had recognised in her the beautiful girl that he had so fortunately befriended in the valley of Lauterbrunn; and though, since that event, he had often thought of her, his was an active and busy life, and he had not, like Ellen, wasted days and years in castle building. Man yields to present emotion, but woman can live on ideal happiness. He fully believed that he should see her no more, and had ceased to think of her; whereas she had considered her destiny as united to his, and looked forward with confidence to the moment they should meet. It was not with indifference that the young man now beheld her. A tide of passion rushed over his soul. Perhaps he read his influence in the depth of her emotion. He gazed upon the tent she occupied, and wished it were his duty to share it with her. "But this can never be," thought he. "To-morrow, soon as the morning dawns, I must be first to prostrate the walls of her native place, and perhaps I am doomed to destroy her father. Would that I had never seen her, and then I should have gone cheerfully to the battle!" A new idea struck him. Perhaps Ellen might have influence enough to persuade her father to surrender, without risking fruitless opposition; at least he would make the attempt. With cautious steps he approached the curtain, and spoke in a low voice.

"Who calls?" said Ellen. "It is your guard, Count Papenheim," said he. "May I ask a conference with you? I have business to communicate respecting your father."

Ellen made no reply, and, raising the curtain, he entered. The traces of tears were still on her face.

"I come," said he, "to inform you, that early to-morrow morning we attack the walls of Soleure. They must fall, all opposition will be useless. The lives that are dear to you may be sacrificed in their defence, and the blood of your citizens deluge the streets; but it is all in vain. I come, then, to beg you to use your influence with your father to spare this useless conflict. Write, and I will see that he has the letter before morning. Tell him that we know the state of the town; that it is without ammunition, and that the walls are tottering. By resisting, ruin is inevitable; by capitulating, he may obtain honourable terms."

When the young man entered, Ellen had flung herself on a seat, pale, trembling, and shrinking from his view; but as he proceeded, the colour mantled in her cheeks, and when he had ended, she stood erect. "Rely not too much on the weakness of our resources," said she; "it is for freedom we are contending, and every man feels that he is a host. Do you think that if my father would listen to terms, he would have sent me, his only child, among his enemies for protection? No! he will shed the last drop of his blood for his country; and were I to propose capitulation, he would spurn my letter. You must do your duty; but remember that it is against the innocent you war, and make not the life you once preserved," continued she, bursting into tears, "valueless, by taking that of my father."

It is said there is wonderful power in woman's tears, and so it would seem, for the young man appeared for a moment to forget his errand. At length he said, "I give you my solemn word that your father's life, as far as it is consistent with my duty, shall be guarded with my own."

"You will know him," said she, "by his white hair."

\* We quote this pleasing traditional story from an American work entitled "The Legendary," a collection of original tales, edited by N. P. Willis. We think it worthy of a place in the Journal from the circumstance of its illustrating a principle often enforced in these pages—the power of kindness and philanthropy in opposing violence or force.

by his firm, yet mild demeanour, by his resolution to die rather than yield. But," added she with dignity, "every citizen resembles him in this determination; all are my fathers or brothers."

A loud noise was heard at a distance. The soldier rushed from the tent. A fearful strife had begun, of a nature which baffled the might of man.

It is well known with what overwhelming fury the Aar sometimes rushes along, destroying and laying waste the country through which it passes. Six days of incessant rain had increased its waters to an alarming height, and besides deluging the country around, its waves rose alarmingly high, and spurned all restraint. The greatest consternation prevailed throughout the army. All were in motion. The only hope that remained was from the bridge that bound both shores. It was built of stone, and they hoped it might resist the force of the waters, and to secure this object, was their immediate aim. It was necessary to load it with immense weight, and Leopold ordered men and horses to this post. "It is our only chance," said he; "if the bridge gives way, we are lost."

The danger every moment increased. Nothing could exceed the horror of the scene. The darkness of the night making more terrible the groans and cries of those who waited on the shore the frightful death that was approaching. The Austrians, who had so lately threatened immediate destruction to the devoted town of Soleure, stood with their conquering banners in their hands. What mighty arm could now help them in their need! There was but one, and that seemed already raised for their destruction.

It was now that the danger reached its crisis. The Bridge tottered to its base, yet it still stood, when, as if to mock their fruitless efforts, the wind suddenly arose; the few remaining soldiers rushed on it, and, amid the howling of the storm, and the cries and exclamations of the army, the bridge suddenly gave way, and the waters rushed over them!

Now were the gates of Soleure thrown open, and the inhabitants rushed forth with desperate resolution. In a moment the wild and tempestuous Aar was covered with rafts and boats. Fearless of the death that threatened, they pursued their object, and, by their flaming torches, discovered the victims who were sinking. Every measure was used, and the greater part saved, conveyed to the town, and the gates immediately closed.

By the light of the torches, Leopold beheld what was going forward. He saw his army in the hands of the enemy, and not a possibility of preventing it. "Shame! shame!" he cried, "unheard of cruelty, to seize such a dreadful moment of public calamity to satisfy their murderous thirst for human life, to condemn their fellow beings to a second death! My brave soldiers and companions! would that you had sunk beneath the wave! It is frightful! It deserves revenge, and shall have it! bloody revenge! The walls of Soleure shall be laid prostrate, and every citizen pay with his life this horrible outrage; and as for Bucheg—ha! well thought of," cried he, starting up, "have I not the weapon in my hand that will pierce his heart? The ungrateful wretch! Did I not receive his daughter with the tenderness of a parent? did I not give my word to protect her? His baseness exceeds human comprehension. Go," he exclaimed to one of his attendants, "bring the girl here. Her father shall bitterly repent of his outrage."

"My noble lord, and prince," said the young Count Papenheim, his eyes sparkling with fire, and his cheeks glowing with emotion, "I am the youngest of your guards; but if none else will speak, I will beseech you, for the sake of your pledged word, not to withdraw your protection. You are just and good; do not in a moment of anger commit a deed that you will for ever repent." At this moment Ellen appeared. She was pale, and evidently suspected some new calamity awaited her. The father of the young count gazed sternly upon him. "What means this unwonted excitement?" said he. "Is it for mercy only you plead? I marked your confusion the first time you saw this young woman in the pavilion of the duke; what am I to believe?"

"My dearest father," said the count, seizing his hand, "it was not the first time that I had seen her. It was on a visit to my uncle in the valley of Lauterbrunn that I met her. I knew not her name, and though I have often thought of her, had given up all expectation of seeing her again. I see, my prince," continued he, raising his eyes to the duke, "that you bear my acknowledgment with scorn and suspicion. It is now too late for concealment. I love her, and, kneeling, implore your mercy for her."

The duke looked angry and perturbed, and cast gloomy and threatening glances around him. His nobles spoke not a word. All was still; even the storm was hushed, and the roaring of winds and waters had ceased. Ellen had supported herself to the utmost, but, overcome by terror and emotion, was sinking to the ground, when the young count rushed forward to support her.

"Away!" exclaimed the duke; "they shall both be put under guard."

At that moment a page entered, and informed the duke that his army were returning with the magistrato at their head.

"Oh! my father!" exclaimed Ellen, springing forward. The duke and his nobles gazed upon each other with astonishment. "Let him enter," exclaimed the duke, sternly.

In a moment the venerable Bucheg appeared before him. "My lord," said he, "I deliver to you the men whose lives we saved. All that their forlorn situation required we have administered. I come in the name of my fellow citizens to restore them to you as fellow men. To-morrow it will be our hard lot to fight them as foes. But I have one condition to make. Twelve of our citizens have lost their lives in saving your army. Their families are left destitute. Should you enter our town as a conqueror, protect the widows, orphans, and aged parents of these victims to humanity. When Soleure is no longer free, I shall be no more; but I die willingly for my country, confiding in the protection you have promised to my daughter."

Overcome by the magnanimity of Bucheg, the duke sprang from his seat, and threw his arms around him. "My heart will cease to beat," said he, "and the blood to flow in my veins, when I enter Soleure as a conqueror. Witness, thou, its venerable magistrate! and you, ye nobles! hear me, when I declare to you, what I will repeat in the face of the world. In the name of the Emperor Frederick, I declare Soleure a free and independent state. To-morrow morning I will enter its walls, not as a conqueror, but as a guest, and, with your permission, plant upon its walls my banner, that it may remain as a token of my friendship and gratitude to future generations, and towards the noble magistrate, the father and protector of his country's freedom."

"But I have another duty to perform. Count Papenheim! my old and well-tried friend! will you grant a request from your prince?"

A smile from the old man said more than words. "My new found friend!" said he, addressing Bucheg, "will you take this young man, whom I love as a son, for your son-in-law? If your daughter declines, I have nothing more to say." The look of joy, of tenderness, of blushing modesty, that she cast on the young count, as with a soldier's impetuosity he threw his arms around her, spoke no aversion even to the unprepared father.

"Take her, then," said he; "it is all mystery, but I trust in the goodness of that Being who has already changed our mourning to joy."

From this time Soleure has been joined to the Helvetic League, and acknowledged as a free and independent state.

#### MORAL EFFECTS OF CURLING.

WE quote the following anecdotal sketch on the "Moral Effects of Curling" from a late number of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, the editor of which, as we should suppose, is a *keen curler*; but before introducing it, we may as well inform our readers in the south what *curling* is. Curling, as we think we once mentioned before, is a game with stones upon ice, the principle of the game very much resembling that of bowls upon a green. Two parties, each perhaps composed of a dozen persons, play against each other. Each person is provided with a flattish round stone, resembling a small cheese in figure, polished on the bottom, and having a handle stuck into the upper side. The stones are hurled along from one end to the other of a long cleared space of smooth ice, called a *rink*. Skill in playing not only depends in hurling the stone truly to the goal at either end, but in dislodging the stones of the antagonist party. As one of each side plays alternately, the game is full of vicissitudes; for half a dozen of the best-laid shots may be in an instant scattered over the field of ice by the concussion of a single stone which has been sent on its errand with a well-nerved arm. Each person is also provided with cramp-irons tied to his feet to give him firmness in standing when he bends down to deliver his stone; he is likewise furnished with a broom, with which he sweeps the way before the stones, either helping them on to the goal, or wiling them aside, as suits the interest of his party. Matches betwixt neighbouring parishes or towns sometimes take place, and are called *bonspiels*. To understand the meaning of the phrase "moral effects of curling," it must be explained that these games upon the ice present the only existing instance of a thorough levelling of ranks. Master and servant, clergyman and parishioner, landed gentleman and artisan—all meet on one common footing, like a harmonious band of brothers, and as if distinctions in rank or wealth had no earthly existence. Of course, this levelling is very much the result of necessity, for curling usually takes place when all out-of-door labour, and much of in-door also, is suspended on account of snow and frost, and when every one is glad of an opportunity to amuse himself with some exciting and healthful sport; but this does not by any means alter the feelings of the respective parties. There has been a prodigious deal of curling in Scotland in the byepast winter; and we see by paragraphs in provincial papers that this delightful winter sport has spread to some of the northern counties of England—nay, has found its way to various districts in North America where emigrants from the south of Scotland—the great head-quarters of curling—have settled. We have only to add, that the stake usually played for is a dinner of boiled salt beef and greens. So much for preface to our quotation.

"Most of our readers, whether 'hereabouts or far awa,' have heard of Mr Hill, inspector of prisons, whose official labours, animated by zeal, but at the same time tempered by prudence, have done so much to advance the great and growing cause of general humanity. Our acquaintance is a statist of no common order, and as such takes pleasure in inquiring into every thing, and noting the result in elaborate reports, of which Mr John Ramsay McCulloch will make his own some day in revised editions of the *Commercial* or some other dictionary. When officially engaged in this quarter, we had the pleasure of meeting the inspector more than once, and yet it was only the other day we picked up, in the course of conversation, the following amusing and interesting fact:—His first visit to the south of Scotland was made during the dead of winter; but as curling is little known in

England, our friend, who belongs to that country, had of course no idea that a circumstance so trivial would offer the slightest obstacle to the prompt prosecution of his official duties. Accordingly, he ordered a post-chaise, and proceeded to Dalswinton, to announce his mission to James M'Alpine Leny, Esq., convener of the county. As the distance is short, Mr Hill entered the Dalswinton avenue shortly after breakfast, and was threading his way to the beautiful mount which overlooks the cradle of steam navigation [the lake of Dalswinton, where the late Mr Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord, first experimented in 1788 on the propulsion of vessels by steam], when he encountered the convener in propria persona, although somewhat disguised by a shepherd's plaid wrapped round his shoulders, a broom under his arm, and a pair of cramps in hand. As livrery of this kind is never worn by country gentlemen in merry England, Mr Leny, we suppose, was mistaken for a servant, and the chaise, doubtless, would have proceeded onwards, had he not stopped it by frankly announcing his own identity, and politely inquiring the name of his visitor. An explanation was given in a moment, on which Mr Leny at once said, "Glad as I am to see you, and much as I like your mission, I am unfortunately engaged to play a spiel, and do not like to disappoint the party; but Mrs Leny is at home; there are plenty of books, newspapers, pens, ink, and paper; and if you choose to amuse yourself for a few hours, I will join you at five o'clock, when we will have the pleasure of dining, and spending the evening together." Mr Hill, however, declined on the ground that as he had also to wait, officially, on the sheriff of the county, it would be better to proceed to Capenoch, and revisit Dalswinton the following day. "Well," said Mr Leny, "that's all very right; but as Sir Thomas is a curler as well as myself, the chances are that he is a *ship* and not a *sheriff*—deciding shots, and not law cases, at present. You had better, therefore, discharge your post-chaise, come and see the game, and I will take you in my own carriage to Capenoch to-morrow." To this proposal Mr Hill acceded, and away the twain went to the ice, where the materials of inspection were not felons, debtors, and other jail birds, but free-born Britons—the tenant and his laird, the pastor and his flock—commingling in the same friendly strife, and realising to the life the beautiful picture sketched by Smollett—

And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
With industry embosomed by toil;  
And hearts resolved and hands prepared  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

Mr Hill soon became deeply interested, and discovered, perhaps what he never knew before, that even in aristocratic Scotland the ice levels all distinctions—that a sort of republic is created for the time being—that the question is not so much what a man is, as what he can do—and that curling is almost the only remaining sport in which high and low commix, to brace at once their health and manners, without assumption on the one hand or presumption on the other. A rink, in fact, is a normal school, not of agitation, but of the very best feelings that bless humanity; and every man, when the opportunity serves, and other duties permit, should patronise the most engrossing of all the Border sports, of which the writer said or sang now more than twenty years ago—

Youth, en'tous, tried what sleight could do,  
While age told deeds that sleight had done,  
And laurels bound the victor's brow,  
Dearer than warrior ever won.

The spiel ended, Mr Hill returned to Dalswinton, highly pleased with every thing he had witnessed; and next morning his hospitable entertainer redeemed his promise by accompanying him to Capenoch. The journey was a pleasant one, but Mr Leny called a halt within a mile or two of the sheriff's residence, and in doing so archly whispered, "As there is some chance he may not be at home, we had better, I suspect, search for him here, before proceeding farther." Accordingly, both alighted, and bent their steps across fields, leaping dykes and threading gaps in hedges, until they came to a water-way somewhat densely peopled, not with feathered but human bipeds; and there they found our excellent sheriff busily engaged in booming the 'channel-stane,' surrounded by tenants, friends, and neighbours, just as the convener had been the preceding day. After the usual courtesies, the southron witnessed another spiel, and finally became so much impressed, not merely with the health-giving, but the endearing moral influences of curling, that he embodied in the next report he penned and printed a glowing *éloge* on Scotia's darling 'roaring play,' the antiquity of which will be found partially shadowed in what follows.

ANTIQUITY OF CURLING.—A gentleman we lately conversed with communicated the following curious fact. When an appendage to the ancient mansion-house of Breoch was taken down, the late Mr Maxwell observed a pair of cupples marked 1641, and when the rubbish was removed, a curling-stone turned up, which in all probability was equally ancient. The said 'channel-stane' had no handle; but as a substitute, spaces were regularly cut for the proper action of the finger and thumb. In other respects it was of the common form, but a good deal smaller, from the want of the lever handle supplies. From the best authorities we have been able to consult, curling originated in Dumfriesshire, or at all events, Galloway; and it is very odd that a pastime so much cultivated in the south, should be totally unknown in the north of Scotland. Over the whole of Aberdeenshire a spiel was never played in the memory of man; and it was only during the present season that a beginning was made in the county of Inverness, despite its splendid mountain scenery, and reservoirs of water beyond compare. One of the spirited innkeepers of the capital of the Highlands (whose name we at the present moment forget), not only ordered a supply of curling-stones, but sent the parties every day to the ice in an omnibus, or some other conveyance. Argyleshire, as regards curling, is as badly off as Aberdeenshire; and a Gallowidian now located on the banks of Loch Awe, in writing to us lately, stated, that time, in the absence of bonspiels, had hung heavily on his hands during the whole storm. Since writing the above,



we have learnt from a friend that 'finger-stones' were known in his young days, and that the father of Mr Muddell of Wallace Hall was the first man who introduced the handle, and along with that, taught the whole curling fraternity to shape and polish their stones, *secundum artem*."

With regard to the antiquity of curling, it may be mentioned, that, when the clergy and people of Scotland deposed the episcopal church-government at Glasgow in 1638, one of the charges brought against the personal conduct of the bishop of Orkney was, that he had played at this game on the Sabbath day. We have heard it said by persons acquainted with Orkney, that this charge is refuted by the fact, that there is never sufficient ice for curling in that country; but, whether a true charge or not—and we may as well state that its proved falsehood would have little availed the poor bishop at that dreadful time—the fact of its being urged shows that curling is at least of two hundred years' standing amongst us.

#### MISS MARTINEAU ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

MISS MARTINEAU, whose "Society in America" we noticed some time ago, has published a work of nearly equal bulk,\* devoted chiefly to a narrative of her journey in the States—the former work being, as will be recollected, a series of chapters on various departments of the social polity and condition of the western republic. There is much pleasant light reading in the new work, as well as a few animadversions on matters of high concernment, expressed in the well-known manner of this extraordinary woman. We have been particularly struck by a few anecdotes of slaves, which Miss Martineau seems to have picked up in the Southern States, and which she introduces chiefly for the purpose of attesting the common human nature of the negroes, and their qualification for the enjoyment of common privileges.

"Mum Bett," she says, "whose real name was Elizabeth Freeman, was born, it is supposed, about 1742. Her parents were native Africans, and she was a slave for about thirty years. At an early age she was purchased, with her sister, from the family in which she was born, in the state of New York, by Colonel Ashley, of Sheffield, Massachusetts. The lady of the mansion, in a fit of passion, one day struck at Mum Bett's sister with a heated kitchen shovel. Mum Bett interposed her arm, and received the blow, the scar of which she bore to the day of her death. 'She resented the insult and outrage as a white person would have done,' leaving the house, and refusing to return. Colonel Ashley appealed to the law for the recovery of his slave. Mum Bett called on Mr Sedgwick, and asked him if she could not claim her liberty under the law. He inquired, what could put such an idea into her head. She replied that the 'Bill of Rights' said that all were born free and equal, and that, as she was not a dumb beast, she was certainly one of the nation. When afterwards asked how she learned the doctrine and facts on which she proceeded, she replied, 'by keepin' still and mindin' things.' It was a favourite doctrine of hers, that people might learn by keeping still and minding things. But what did she mean, she was asked, by keeping still and minding things? Why, for instance, when she was waiting at table, she heard gentlemen talking over the Bill of Rights and the new constitution of Massachusetts; and in all they said she never heard but that all people were born free and equal, and she thought long about it, and resolved she would try whether she did not come in among them. Mr Sedgwick undertook her cause, which was tried at Great Barrington. Mum Bett obtained her freedom, and compensation for her services from twenty-one years of age. 'What shall I do with all this money of yours?' said Mr Sedgwick. 'Fee the lawyers handsomely—pay 'em well,' said she, 'and keep the rest till I want it.' She was offered every inducement to return to Colonel Ashley's, but she recoiled from all that reminded her of slavery. She begged the Sedgwicks to take her into their family, which they did; and with them she spent twenty years of great comfort. Her example was followed by many slaves; and from the day of her emancipation in 1772, more and more claimants were decreed free under the Bill of Rights, till slavery was abolished in Massachusetts. Her services to the Sedgwick family are gratefully remembered by them. She is believed to have saved her master's life by following her own judgment in his treatment when she was nursing him in a dangerous fever."

Miss Martineau speaks of a slave known to her in Louisiana, who picked up a parcel containing 10,000 dollars, and returned it, with much trouble, to the owner. Another in South Carolina, who attends a physician's carriage, learned to read and write from the signs on the streets, by marking the appearances of the letters constituting words he knew, and imitating them with his finger in the sand. This man has also distinguished himself by making miniature violins and pianos, which occasion surprise by their completeness, though of no use. Such energy, patience, and skill, Miss Martineau justly remarks, might, in other

circumstances, have been the instruments of important deeds.

Our author mentions that the sights of one morning at Charleston will be remembered by her, if every other particular of her travels were forgotten. In the course of a drive through the town she entered the slave-market. "I went into the slave-market (says she), a place which the traveller ought not to avoid, to spare his feelings. There was a table, on which stood two auctioneers; one with a hammer, the other to exhibit 'the article,' and count the bids. The slaves for sale were some of them in groups below, and some in a long row behind the auctioneers. The sale of a man was just concluding when we entered the market. A woman, with two children, one at the breast, and another holding by her apron, composed the next lot. The restless, jocular zeal of the auctioneer who counted the bids, was the most infernal sight I ever beheld. The woman was a mulatto; she was neatly dressed, with a clean apron, and a yellow head-handkerchief. The elder child clung to her. She hung her head, low, lower, and still lower on her breast, yet turning her eyes incessantly from side to side, with an intensity of expectation which showed that she had not reached the last stage of despair.

A little boy of eight or nine years old, apparently, was next put up alone. There was no bearing the child's look of helplessness and shame. It seemed like an outrage to be among the stagers from whom he shrunk, and we went away before he was disposed of. We next entered a number of fine houses, where we were presented with flowers, and entertained with lively talk about the small affairs of gay society which to little minds are great. To me every laugh had lost its gaiety, every courtesy had lost its grace, all intercourse had lost its innocence. If there be a scene which might stagger the faith of the spirit of Christianity itself—if there be an experience which might overthrow its serenity, it is the transition from the slave-market to the abodes of the slave-masters, bright with sunshine, and gay with flowers, with courtesies and mirth."

It is, it seems, very difficult for slaves to make their escape from bondage, particularly from Alabama or Mississippi, in consequence of the distance they must traverse before they reach Canada, the land of liberty, for there is no real safety for them even in the free states of the Union. Yet, according to Miss Martineau, "slaves do continue to escape from the farthest corners of Alabama or Mississippi. Two slaves in Alabama, who had from their early manhood cherished the idea of freedom, planned their escape in concert, and laboured for many years at their scheme. They were allowed the profits of their labour at over-hours; and by strenuous toil and self-denial, saved and hid a large sum of money. Last year, they found they had enough, and that the time was come for the execution of their purpose. They engaged the services of a 'mean white'; one of the extremely degraded class who are driven by loss of character to labour in the slave states, where, labour by whites being disgraceful, they are looked down upon by the slaves, no less than the slaves are by the superior whites. These two slaves hired a 'mean white man' to personate a gentleman; bought him a suit of good clothes, a portmanteau, a carriage and horses, and proper costume for themselves. One night the three set off in style, as master, coachman, and footman, and travelled rapidly through the whole country, without the slightest hindrance, to Buffalo. There the slaves sold their carriage, horses, and finery, paid off their white man, and escaped into Canada, where they now are in safety. They found in Canada a society of their own colour prepared to welcome and aid them. In Upper Canada there are upwards of ten thousand people of colour, chiefly fugitive slaves, who prosper in the country which they have chosen for a refuge. Scarcely an instance is known of any of them having received alms, and they are as respectable for their intelligence as for their morals." These refugee blacks form the most loyal subjects of the British crown in Canada, a circumstance by no means surprising, when the relation of Canada to the United States is considered.

Miss Martineau remarks, that many romantic tales might be related of the escape of blacks, and of the chase kept up after them to the very confines of the British territory. "I remember (says she) observing to a friend in the ferry-boat, when we were crossing the Niagara, from Lewiston to Queenston, that it seemed very absurd, on looking at the opposite bank of the river, to think that while the one belonged to the people who lived on it, the other was called the property of a nation three thousand miles off—the shores looking so much alike as they do. My friend replied, with a smile, 'Runaway slaves see a great difference.' 'That they do!' cried the ferryman, in a tone of the deepest earnestness. He said that the leap ashore of an escaped slave is a sight unlike any other that can be seen." What would we not give to see the leap ashore of one of these negroes!

In alluding to these tales of the escape of slaves, the author mentions that she is prevented from relating many stories of kind assistance given to negroes by friendly whites, only through a fear of bringing these white persons into trouble, in a society where the greatest of all crimes is to show a disposition to treat slaves as fellow-creatures. What a picture does this present of the social condition in the free states of America!

Miss Martineau speaks strongly in this work of the

awful evils of slavery to the parties apparently most interested in maintaining it. She describes it as the blight of the southern states—a thing which introduces uneasiness and apprehension into scenes externally gay; and she leads us to regard the young and innocent whites of that region with pity, as destined in all probability to go through some terrific trial similar to the French Revolution. A very striking proof of the fatal effects of slave-holding as a sanctioned institution in a state, is supplied by Missouri, which was admitted into the union in 1820 with this blight upon it, and which now presents the most marked contrast with the non-slave-holding state of Illinois, on the other side of the Mississippi. Both are naturally favoured regions, but Missouri became the resort of rapacious adventurers, while Illinois was settled by a comparatively moral and industrious people, and now the land in the former state is at a discount, and many remove from it into Illinois. Certainly the saddest result of slave-holding is the phrenzy for self-preservation into which it is liable to throw the free people, and the tremendous outbursts of lawless violence which are the natural consequence, exposing the whole country and its institutions to universal odium and suspicion. Partly under this feeling, and partly from soreness about the decline of their prosperity, the inhabitants of Missouri have of late committed several acts of the most atrocious kind, of which we shall cite but one instance—their taking a man of colour from jail at St Louis, where he was confined previous to trial for an offence, and conveying him into the woods, where they tied him to a tree and burnt him to death.

#### GROPINGS OF A WORKING MAN IN GEOLOGY.

BY HUGH MILLER,

Author of "The Traditional History of Cromarty."

It was eighteen years last February since I set out from my mother's cottage a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint; and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was a slim loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and I was now going to work as a mason's apprentice in one of the Cromarty quarries. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious little books, a gleaner of old traditional stories. I had written bad verses too, without knowing they were bad, and indulged in unrealisable hopes, without being in the least aware that they were unrealisable; and I was now going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day, that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day, that they may be enabled to toil. The time I had so long dreaded had at length arrived, and I felt that I was going down into a wilderness more desolate than that of Sinai, with little prospect of ever getting beyond it, and no hope of return.

The quarry in which my master wrought, lies on the southern side of the bay of my native town, about an hundred yards from the shore, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It has been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and is overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rises over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which was at this time rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and the first employment assigned me by my master was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe; and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented us with so unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved insufficient, however, and we had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one—it had the merit too of being attended by some such degree of danger as a boating excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots—the fragments flew in every direction, and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock-goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth

\* Retrospect of Western Travel. 3 vols. London, Saunders and Otley. 1838.

as if it had been preserved for a museum; the other, a somewhat rarer bird of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a greyish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard my master bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the grass was white and crisp as we passed onward through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed as it advanced into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. We all rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as motionless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvass. From a wooded promontory that stretches half way across the firth, there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose as straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben-Weavis rose to the west, white with the yet unwashed snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him, as a subject for his pencil, a flower piece composed of only white flowers, the one-half of them in their proper colour, the other half of a deep purple, and yet all perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment on resuming our labours was to raise it on its bed. I assisted in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide not half an hour before; I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge of the corresponding phenomena, for the resemblance was no half resemblance, it was the thing itself; and I had observed it an hundred and an hundred times when sailing my little schooner on the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot in the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and waterworn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not surely be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long, could not have been created on the rock on which it rested; no workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn; and if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappinesses of a life of labour.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away, rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and we all quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of the bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Firth. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years, could have furnished a better

section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblend. In another we find the secondary rock, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the obscure but highly interesting fossils of the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the more perfectly preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock—basalts, ironstones, hyperstones, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in the few foregoing sentences are the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes apparently of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance, for they lay pretty thickly on the shore, and found that there might. In one of these there were what seemed to be scales of fish, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles, these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them, that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. My master, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave us all a half holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and colour from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found they were composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odour. The layers into which the latter readily separates are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves, one after one, like the leaves of a herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and graptolites, and ammonites, of almost every variety, and at least two varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of the pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fish; and, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralysed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed aërolites I had come in quest of, firmly embedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. My father, who had perished at sea when I was almost an infant, and who had been a sailor in his time on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture, and it seemed to have parted in the middle when in a half molten state, and to have united again somewhat avry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organised very curiously indeed. It was of a conical form and filamentary texture—the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely marked veins, like white threads, ran transversely through these, in its upper half, to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish long since extinct.

But enough of geology for the time. There may be some interest in showing with how few opportunities of instruction the alphabet of the science may be acquired; but this for some future number. My object at present is to show how possible it is to pursue very mean and very laborious employments, and yet enjoy much happiness. There are few professions, however humble, that do not present their peculiar advantages of observation; there are none in which the exercise of the faculties does not lead to enjoyment. The first year of my apprenticeship came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had certainly increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of seventeen years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labour, has not in the least inclined me to scepticism.

#### MODE OF LIFE OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

THE students of Germany, including those attendant on the Universities of Jena, Heidelberg, Göttingen, and various others, are a very remarkable class of persons, and occupy a much more important station in the body politic, than the pupils of our British colleges, whether English, Irish, or Scotch. In a work given to the world more than twelve years ago, Mr Russel presented an excellent account of the peculiarities of the students of Jena; and though these peculiarities are somewhat softened down since that period, we find, from later travellers, that the leading features of the picture still remain unchanged. With the help of occasional extracts from Mr Russel, therefore, we shall now lay before our readers a view of the mode of life of the students, or *Burschen*, as they are called, of Germany.

The course of study at the German universities need not be dilated upon. The mornings of the students are devoted to attending lectures, which none but the very idlest absent themselves from, though every one is perfectly free either to go or stay away, just as he chooses. Most of the students bring *Mappe*s or portfolios with them, for the purpose of taking notes of the lectures. This, however, is also entirely optional. After spending an hour or two in listening to the various professors on whom he may chance to be in attendance, the student is left entirely to the guidance of his own will for the rest of his time. He may make any use, or no use at all, of what he has heard; he received maxim being, that it is right to tell the student what he ought to do, but that it would be neither proper nor useful to take care that he does it, or prevent him from being as idle and ignorant as he chooses. Under this total want of surveillance for the greater part of their time, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that, once outside of the class-room, the German students should fly to something more congenial to thoughtless youth than voluntary closet study. Fencing and various other athletic exercises occupy much of their time. Places, also, of public amusement, such as gardens with skittle-grounds attached to them, abound generally in the neighbourhood of the collegiate cities, and in these the students pass many of their hours. Most of them dine at ordinaries, or have dishes sent from these eating-houses to their lodgings. At Göttingen and some other universities, government supplies gratis dinners to such poor students as can satisfactorily prove themselves to be in need of the assistance. More than two hundred students are upon this roll at Göttingen.

It is in the evening, however, that the *Burschen* of the German colleges stand out in their full lustre. Mr Russel gives the following graphic sketch of a nocturnal sitting of the young men of Jena:—"Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door, you must use your ears, not your eyes, for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space, concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how, and sending forth from its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud; then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighbourhood; and, as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly Asmodeus, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between the two long tables which have sprung up, as if by enchantment; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you the paradise of German *Burschen*, every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or segar in his mouth, and a song upon his lips; never doubting but that he and his companions are training themselves to be the regenerators of Europe, that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth."

Idly, however, and worse than idly, as the great



body of the academic youth of Germany thus spend their leisure time—and we have not yet painted half the excesses that flow from these debauches—there are other peculiarities in the economy of Burschenschaft, of a still more troublesome nature than those referred to. We allude (to use the language of Mr Russell) "to the unconquerable spirit of *clanship* prevalent among the Burschen, and which has given birth to their violence and insubordination; for it at once cherishes the spirit of opposition to all regular discipline, and constitutes an united body to give that opposition effect." These associations are called *Landsmannschaften*, or *Countrymanships*, indicating them to be composed of individuals from the same province of a country. By means of these bodies, the German students have been enabled to form a secret organisation, which extends through the whole of the universities, and which has given them a high degree of political importance, in imagination, at least, if not in reality. The *Landsmannschaften* do not exist for any academic purpose, but, on the contrary, are proscribed both by the laws of the university and the government of the country. It is generally understood that the main purpose of these combinations is to spread political doctrines, and these of a very wild order; but the more open and visible result of them is to enable each student, thus backed by all, to carry through his own rude will, be that what it may. Each *Landsmannschaft* has a president, clerk, and councillors, who are called its "Convent;" and a higher body, called the "Senior Convent," is formed of the presidents of the various *Landsmannschaften*. The "Senior Convent" is a body that watches over the interests, collectively, of all the students, as each *Landsmannschaft* takes cognisance of the doings and welfare of its own members. In spite of all the exertions, both of the academic senates and the general police, these associations hold regular meetings in secret. This would not be the case, probably, were it not for certain most unscrupulous regulations of the *Landsmannschaften*, which give the members leave to deny, when examined, the existence of any such body or bodies, and, in short, authorise the breach of every principle of honour and rectitude to ensure concealment. And yet these gentlemen have continually in their mouths such sayings, as, "the Burschen lead a free, honourable, and independent life, in the cultivation of every social and patriotic virtue."

We believe, that, of late years, these *Landsmannschaften* have lost much of their bugbear importance as regards politics, and with just reason, as it appears to us. Yet, how short a time it is, since one of these students, Sand, was moved by the lessons that he had learned at Commerz and *Landsmannschaft*, to assassinate Kotzebue, the well-known writer and traveller, who, unfortunately for himself, had acquired the character of a friend of despots and a foe to liberty! And how many of the youth of Germany at this hour approve of his deed and venerate his name! Keeping such an act as this in view, one might indeed be inclined to regard the students as an important or rather a dangerous body, but the smallness of their numbers renders their power and influence comparatively insignificant.

It is on account of their detrimental effect on the best interests of the universities themselves, that these Burschen associations are most to be deprecated. "The students (says Mr Russell) who have not thought proper to join any of these associations, are few in number, and, in point of estimation, form a class still more despised and insulted than the Philistines themselves. Every student thinks it dishonourable to have communication with them; they are admitted to no carousal; they are debarred from all balls and public festivals by which the youth contrive to make themselves notorious and ridiculous. Such privations would not be severely felt, but they are further exposed to every species of contempt and insult; to abuse them is an acceptable service to Germany; in the class-room, and on the street, they must be taught that they are 'cowardly slaves;' and all this, because they will not throw themselves into the fetters of a self-created fraternity."

However they may be outraged, they are entitled neither to redress nor protection; should any of them resent the maltreatment heaped upon him, he brings down on himself the vengeance of the whole mass of initiated; for, to draw every man within the circle is a common object of all the clans; he who will join none is the enemy of all. Blows, which the students have proscribed among themselves, as unworthy of gentlemen, are allowed against the "wild ones," for such is the appellation given to these quiet sufferers, from the caution with which they must steal along, trembling at the presence of a Comment Bursche, and exiled, as they are, from the refined intercourse of Commerz-houses to the wilds and deserts of civilised society. Some, unable to hold out against the insolence and contempt of the young men among whom they are compelled to live, in an evil hour seek refuge beneath the wing of a *Landsmannschaft*. These are named *Renouancers*, or *Renouncers*. Having renounced the state of nature, they stand, in academic civilisation, a degree above the obstinate "wild ones," but yet they do not acquire by their tardy and compelled submission a full claim to all Burschen rights. They are merely entitled to the protection of the fraternity which they have joined, and every member of it will run every man through the body who dares to insult them, in word or deed, otherwise than is prescribed by the

Burschen code. By abject submission to the will of their imperious protectors, they purchase the right of being abused and stabbed only according to rule, instead of being kicked and knocked down contrary to all rule."

With the improvement of social and political discipline in Germany, since it ceased to be the theatre of perpetual wars, foreign and civil, the academical evils thus painted by Mr Russell have also received a degree of melioration; but too much of the picture remains still true to life. Nor is the portraiture yet complete. The influence of the clannish spirit upon the industrious members of the universities, has been described, but the quarrels of the *Landsmannschaften* among themselves—the greatest evil of all—remain yet to be adverted to. Each *Landsmannschaft* struggles for predominance, not in academical studies, but in *renouancing*, as it is called, or, in other words, in notoriety for athletic exercises, duels, and wild actions of every sort. The professors permit the *Landsmannschaften* (though that name is not openly recognised) to give balls, which their wives and families attend. As this is one of the most famous ways in which a *Landsmannschaft* can *renouance*, the envy of all the others is excited on an occasion of this kind, and expends itself in giving every annoyance and interruption possible to the progress of the festive ceremony. The ball-room is surrounded, and a fearful round of howling, yelling, singing, and hooting, goes on till the dance is over, the windows being sometimes broken as a grand finale.

There is a general code of laws, called the *Comment*, to which the *Landsmannschaften* are subject. This *Comment* is a sacred volume, whose minutest regulations must neither be questioned nor slighted. "What it allows cannot be wrong; what it prohibits cannot be right." Much of this *Comment* is devoted to the subject of quarrels and the regulation of duels. From the very general equality of skill in handling the weapon commonly used (a straight, short, three-cornered sword), lives are not often lost on these occasions, yet permanent hurts are frequently received by the parties. Pistols are never used by the students. From the oaths of secrecy to which all principals or accessories in duels are bound by the *Comment*, the truth is very seldom elicited when an investigation takes place on the part of the senate or the police. The latter body, of course, are the most inimical and hated of the "Philistines," and an encounter with them is the ordinary conclusion of a Burschen Commerz. A visitor to Göttingen, already mentioned, thus describes the ending of one of these meetings:—"Songs were sung with the most multifarious accompaniments of screeching and screaming that ever greeted mortal ear. Nor was this all; bottles and glasses were smashed—chairs swung round by the legs, and dashed upon the table till both were fairly demolished, and somewhat to the peril of the few who lay in Cyclopean slumbers beneath the latter; every thing was broken—it was, in fact, the breaking up of the party. I remember seeing one German dash three parts of a chair into a mirror that hung on one side of the room, at the same time roaring the genuine Tyrolese yell with a voice that bade fair to make all split. Down stairs we all went shouting together; it was past three, and broad daylight; a friend of mine fell senseless the moment he got into the fresh air, and while I and another were making our best endeavours to raise him, the rest passed us; and lucky it was for us that they did so, for in a few minutes they encountered a party of the *lozes*, which encounter ended in the conveyance of half a score of our riotous friends to prison."

#### MANDRIN, THE SPANISH SMUGGLER.

DR SMOLLETT mentions, in his *Travels* through the Continent of Europe, that he heard a great deal, on the Pyrenean frontiers of France, respecting a noted smuggler, or rather robber-captain, named Mandrin, who had lately been taken and executed for his crimes. Valencia, in Spain, was the native place of Mandrin, and also the spot where he had suffered. In passing through this city, Dr Smollett saw the gibbet on which the smuggler died, and made some inquiries respecting him. The driver or conductor of the traveller, to whom these inquiries were addressed, was a dark swarthy fellow named Joseph. "At the mention of Mandrin's name," says the traveller, "the tear started in Joseph's eye; he discharged a deep sigh, or rather groan, and told me he was his dear friend. I was a little startled at this declaration; however, I concealed my thoughts, and began to ask questions about the character and exploits of a man who had made such noise in the world."

He told me Mandrin was a native of Valencia, of mean extraction; that he had served as a soldier in the army, and afterwards acted as tax-gatherer; that at length he turned smuggler, and, by his superior qualities, raised himself to the command of a formidable gang, consisting of five hundred persons, well armed with carbines and pistols. He had fifty horse for his troopers, and three hundred mules for the carriage of his merchandise. His head-quarters were in Savoy, but he made incursions into Dauphiné, and set the military at defiance. He maintained several bloody skirmishes with these troopers, as well as with other regular detachments, and in all those actions signalled himself by his courage and conduct. Coming up at one time with fifty of the soldiers, who were in quest of him, he told them very calmly he had occasion for their horses and accoutrements, and desired them to dismount. At that instant his gang appeared, and the troopers complied with his request, without making the least opposition. Joseph said he was as ge-

nerous as he was brave, and never molested travellers, nor did the least injury to the poor, but, on the contrary, relieved them very often. He used to oblige the gentlemen in the country to take his merchandise, his tobacco, brandy, and muslins, at his own price; and in the same manner he laid open towns under contribution. When he had no merchandise, he borrowed money of them upon the credit of what he should bring when he was better provided. He was at last betrayed by a woman to the colonel of a French regiment, who went with a detachment in the night to the place where he lay in Savoy, and surprised him in a wood-house, while his people were absent in different parts of the country. For this intrusion, the court of France made an apology to the king of Sardinia, in whose territories he was taken. Mandrin being conveyed to Valencia, his native place, was for some time permitted to go abroad, under a strong guard, with chains upon his legs; and here he conversed freely with all sorts of people, flattering himself with the hopes of a pardon, in which, however, he was disappointed. An order came from court to bring him to his trial, when he was found guilty, and condemned to be broke on the wheel. Joseph said he drank a bottle of wine with him the night before his execution. He bore his fate with great resolution, observing, that if the letter which he had written to the king had been delivered, he certainly should have obtained his majesty's pardon. His executioner was one of his own gang, who was pardoned on condition of performing this office. You know that criminals broke upon the wheel are first strangled, unless the sentence imports that they are to be broke alive. As Mandrin had not been guilty of cruelty in the course of his delinquencies, he was indulged with this favour. Speaking to the executioner, whom he had formerly commanded, 'Joseph,' said he 'thou shalt not touch me till I am quite dead.' Our driver had no sooner pronounced these words, than I was struck with a suspicion that he himself was the executioner of his friend Mandrin. On that suspicion, I exclaimed, 'Ah! ah! Joseph!' The fellow blushed up to the eyes, and said, 'Yes, he bore the same name as I.' I did not think proper to prosecute the inquiry, but did not much relish the nature of Joseph's connections. The truth is, he had very much the looks of a ruffian, though, I must own, his behaviour was very obliging and submissive."

Though it is probable, from the source of Dr Smollett's information, that this account is correct, it is stated in Sir Walter Scott's *Diary*, that Mandrin was broke alive upon the wheel. Sir Walter, speaking of the little concern which any occurrence gave him after having experienced the first great blow in his misfortunes, says, "I remember hearing that Mandrin testified some horror when he found himself bound alive upon the wheel, and saw the executioner approach with a bar of iron to break his limbs. After the second and third blow, he fell a-laughing, and being asked the reason by his confessor, said he laughed at his own folly, which had anticipated increased agony at every blow, when it was obvious that the first must have jarred and confounded the system of the nerves so much, as to render the succeeding blows of little consequence."

#### THE TRAVELLING MOUNTBANK.

A TRAVELLING mountbank, in the reign of King George I., having collected an audience, addressed them in the following words:—"Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been considering in what manner I can best show my regard for my brother townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish; it will, I own, be a heavy expense, and I hope no one will attempt to profit from my liberality who is not really and truly a parishioner." The multitude pressed forward with open eyes as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag of ample dimensions, which hung on the arm of this generous man. "I know you are not so sordid," continued the orator, "and so mercenary as to value my bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes cannot be produced at the thought of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker. I perceive what it is that delights you—the discovering in one, whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the destruction of their health and understanding. In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for a benefit being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsmen [dipping his hand into the green velvet bag] this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaster which has not its fellow in Europe for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol. If applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand before morning. But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plasters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder; it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest medical men that ever lived, Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may, without fear, rush into the thickest of the battle, and defy broadsword, pike, or bayonet. All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked like a crimped cod; the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my invaluable powder. Give yourself no sort of uneasiness, only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief, then get to bed and to sleep as soon as you can; in the meantime, let the weapon which did the injury be rubbed nine times with a small quantity of the powder, and take my word for it you may follow your usual occupations the next day. Of the pills I need say

nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them; but as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion. The selling price of these matchless remedies (said the doctor) has been six shillings from time immemorial; but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practise physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs, with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay travelling charges and servants' wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money, according to my original promise. Besides medicines, which no master of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs, ought to be without, the favourite of fortune will be entitled to a superb and elegant piece of massy plate." This attractive article was immediately brought forward and displayed.

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, beginning to smell a rat, marched off in silence, but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so complicated an attack on their feelings and understandings; the present of a crown to each man, at first so confidently promised, had dissipated all fear of imposition; for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman be supposed to want to take them in! His ostentatious palaver had diffused a magic ray over his powder of post, his rosin, and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures; and the superb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling their reason, completed the conquest of the impostor. He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his brother townsmen of their silver, and emptying the green velvet bag of the six-shilling packets; while his assistants diverted the anxieties, and allayed the impatience of the people, by music and tumbling. Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford, or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green, were permitted to contribute their shillings, without any ill-natured questions being asked concerning the place of their residence. The business of the day concluded with general satisfaction, as those who did not get the rich prize possessed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artist owned at an inn, in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the nett profit of his afternoon was five-and-twenty guineas.—*Lounger's commonplace Book.*

[Mountebanks like the above are now unknown; but we beg to hint that our worthy friend John Bull has by no means, on that account, emancipated himself from the roguery of quacks.]

#### SCOTLAND SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

IN glancing over the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1766, we perceive a narrative of the tour of an English gentleman in Scotland during the spring of that year, from which we select the following passages, in order to give the present generation a specimen of the amusing mixture of truth and falsehood that was written regarding Scotland and its inhabitants about seventy years ago. The tourist enters the country by way of Annandale from Carlisle:—"The roads (says he) I found very good, being in most places raised, with ditches on each side to drain them; but at Annan, a royal borough, the first town I came to, I had a sad presage of the accommodations I was to expect in the inns; they being worse than such cottages [in England] where you see written over the door lodging and small beer for foot-travellers. I could get but little provision for my horses, and nothing for myself but some claret, which was very good, and charged only at two shillings per bottle; my bed-chamber (though the best) was full of the smell and smoke of the kitchen, very dirty, and the windows all broken, which I complained of, but my landlady desired me to be content, for my betters had layen there before me without finding any fault, *I mean, says she, my Prince.* At three in the morning I left this horrid place, where I neither got sleep nor any refreshment, but a violent cold." Proceeding onwards by Dumfries and Drumlanrig, with both which places he was well pleased, he goes on by Ayr to Glasgow. Here he begins to make observations on what he calls "the common people," which we extract as a curiosity. "The common people are such in outward appearance, as you would not at first take to be of the human species, and in their lives they differ but little from brutes, except in their love of spirituous liquors; they are extremely indigent, but had rather suffer poverty than labour; they have an implacable spirit of revenge, of which several instances occurred during my stay here. Their nastiness is really greater than be reported; under the same roof, and often with but one door to all, are the stable, cow-house, and dwelling place, without window or chimney; if they have the latter, it is generally covered to keep in the smoke, the warmth of which is very pleasant to them. And I could not but imagine that their way of living has a real effect upon their countenances, for the children, I observed, have good complexions and regular features, but the faces of the men and women are coloured like smoke; their mouths wide, and their eyes sunk exactly as one pulls one's face when in the midst of a cloud of smoke; they wear their hair so long that it almost hides their faces, and covers a great part of their bodies. They use no shoes and stockings but on Sundays, and then they carry them in their hands to the entrance of the churchyard, where they put them on, and pull them off again as

soon as the service is over. The petticoats of the women seldom reach so low as their knees. [This is a pure invention of the writer.] The rudeness of the people is beginning to go off, and they are already pretty well civilised and industrious in the trading towns, where the knowledge of the use of money has made them eager enough to acquire it. The country in general is so barren and uncultivated, that the face of it is very unpleasant; it is not, however, without its beauties, which are the frequent prospects of the sea, and the seats of the nobility and gentry that are all surrounded with wood, and there is scarce a cottage that has not a grove planted round it; the towns, too, look well at a distance, being mostly built in length, and having two steeples or spires, one to the church, and another to the tollbooth; but the streets are intolerably nasty, the filth of every house lying before the door. Here and there are interspersed a great many fine old ruins, which I think never please the eye but in a fertile landscape, where they vary the scene and divert the idea."

The Scotch of the present day have reason to thank more than to blame writers like the above. With much that is objectionable and scandalous, they told some plain disagreeable truths, and were partly instrumental in schooling the people into better habits. We can now afford to laugh, as well as our neighbours, at the condition of old Scotland.

#### THE CORAL CONTINENT.

ACCORDING to a statement in a late Liverpool paper, a new continent is now being erected in the Southern Ocean. "The Pacific is spotted with islands through the immense distance of nearly fifty degrees of longitude, and as many of latitude. From New Zealand to the north of the Sandwich Islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilisation." Having used the term erected in reference to the production of these islands, it may be interesting to many to know something of the builders of these vast and enduring monuments of creative energy. The justly celebrated poet Montgomery, in his usual style of elevated devotion, says:—

Millions of millions thus from age to age,  
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,  
No moment and no movement unimproved,  
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,  
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,  
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day;  
Each wrought alone, yet altogether wrought,  
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,  
By which a vast irrevocable was rearing  
A new creation in the secret deep;  
OMNIPOTENCE wrought in them, with them, by them,  
Hence, what OMNIPOTENCE alone could do, WOMEN did.

Captain Basil Hall, in an account of a voyage to the island Loo-Choo, in the Chinese sea, says, that "the examination of a coral reef, during the different stages of one tide, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left for some time, it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and rugged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that a short time the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken about high-water mark, it is a solid, hard stone; but if any part of it be detached at a spot where the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colours; others resembling snails, and others are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

The growth of the coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tide, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef of course no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts in succession reach the top, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from growing higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But the growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation; for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and, in the next, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bow may strike against the rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger."—*Philadelphia Observer.*

#### CURE OF CANCER.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, January 13, 1833, M. Baupherthy and Adolphe-Roseville addressed to the academy a detailed note on the animalcule which are found in the contiguity of cancerous ulcers. These observations have proved the presence of animalcule in all the cancers which they have examined. These gentlemen have sought the means which are best fitted to destroy the animalcule, and their experiments have led them to the following results:—Brandy, the tincture of iodine, concentrated solutions of the double chloride of mercury, of the chloride of gold, of arsenic, of the salts of copper, of the nitrate of silver, the laudanum of Sydenham and Rosseau, kill the animalcule instantaneously. Solutions of the same agents, in the dose of two grains to the ounce, do not make their action felt on the animalcule before the end of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, but destroy them insensibly after a space of time more or less long.—*Journal de Paris.*

#### THE NEW COPYRIGHT BILL.

EDINBURGH, April 7, 1838.

PUBLIC attention has at length been roused to this extraordinary bill, which now, when fully investigated in all its bearings, is proved to be little else than a proposal to ruin the whole system of British literature—for to this it would assuredly tend, if carried into effect. Against the present organised means for disseminating school treatises, it would prove peculiarly fatal; and, in reality, without doing good to a single human being (a few interested parties excepted), would retard the intellectual advancement of the country more than any thing which could be proposed, short of a censorship on the press. With much respect for the learned framer of the bill, we feel assured that he has suffered himself to be led away by some delusion as to the principle of his measure, which time and deliberate investigation will show him in its proper light. He will find, in going dispassionately into this investigation—

First, That authors are not entitled, by any common law or natural right, to a perpetual copyright or patent of their works. Books are ideas in print; these ideas have been suggested by intellectual culture and literary investigation; this culture and investigation could not have taken place if there had been no public means of instruction, and no books in free circulation—in other words, the ideas, however much embellished and improved upon, are in a sense public property. An author may keep these ideas to himself if he pleases; but if he circulate them, in the form of print, he by that action contributes his ideas to the common stock whence they were originally elaborated, and he can only rationally claim a limited patent right in order to remunerate him for his trouble. The framer of the bill seems to proceed, however, upon the notion that each author is the creator of the ideas he promulgates, which is obviously absurd. Ideas are truths existing in nature. The doctrine that two and two make four, is eternal, and cannot be patented; and so in the same manner is every principle in science. We, for example, call James Watt the inventor of the steam-engine; but this is wrong. The principle of the steam-engine was coeval with the creation of matter and natural forces. Watt only hit upon the principle while groping for it in the mists of science; and what was to hinder other men from hitting upon it too? The frequency of two or more persons making the same discovery, unknown to each other, only proves that there are a great many wonderful principles latent in nature, which time and investigation will reveal; and that, therefore, any law to secure a patent right beyond a limited period to an individual, would be opposed to justice and common expediency.

Second, That authors, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, are persons employed by publishers, to write for them for a certain fair remuneration; in which cases the publishers are the real originators of the books written; and that, if this bill were passed, a very large proportion of the labour of these authors would be cut off. Viewed in this light, the bill should be called "an act to starve authors, and to extinguish literature."

Among the various able pamphlets which have appeared on this momentous subject, we beg to refer to one, entitled "Observations on the Law of Copyright," printed for Scott, Webster, and Geary, London. Speaking of the aid afforded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in bringing forward the measure, the writer of this pamphlet pertinently remarks, "Had it really been his wish to afford encouragement to authors, and to promote the literature of his country, he need not have travelled beyond his own department to have discovered that the greatest discouragement that authors and literature have had to contend with, had been created by his predecessors, and continued by himself, in the tax on paper, on advertisements, on newspapers, and in the unjust and compulsory library tax. If it is for the public benefit that the British Museum and certain private libraries should be supplied with every new publication, however trifling, or however expensive it may be, surely it is the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose that they should be paid for by the public, and not supplied at the expense of authors and publishers. We have applied the term 'private libraries,' for surely no library can be called a public library to which the public have no access, as is the case with all of them except the British Museum. These grievances, which are popularly termed the taxes on knowledge, have long been complained of by authors and publishers, and have often been ably brought before parliament and the public, and by none more so than by Sir H. Parnell and Mr Macculloch. The opinion of the latter has been strongly expressed; he says, 'The taxes on literature have been carried to such an extent in England as to be in the highest degree injurious. They are at once impolitic, oppressive, and unjust: impolitic, because they tend to obstruct the growth and diffusion of knowledge; oppressive, because they very frequently swallow up the entire reward of the labour of the most deserving persons; and unjust, because they are not proportioned to the value of the article on which they are laid, and are indeed much oftener paid out of capital than out of profit.'"

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